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"Prompt to improve and to invite,
"We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance.

Happiness.

Man as he progresses through the world, finds himself beset with difficulties, and oppressed with misfortunes. In this station when each earthly prop has been removed, he looks to one support of celestial origin. Through the mists of his gloomy condition, he perceives a ray peering, continually increasing in lustre, and chasing away the darkness that envelopes him; as the scene becomes enlightened, he surveys the beautiful prospect, marks with astonishment the transformation that has taken place, sees nought but happiness to be enjoyed, feels himself renewed, and changed from wretchedness to bliss; his eye rests with delight on the enchanting view, and his heart banquets on the luxuriant repast spread before him. In this ecstacy of mind he looks forward to more brilliant periods, and while revelling amid the joys that have sprung up as if by some magic power, is unconscious that they must wither before the consuming breath of time. Imagination riots amid the bounteous provisions, and anticipation gilds the scene with rainbow hues, but while he is enjoying these delightful pleasures some sad unwelcome reality intrudes itself, and interrupting his moments of mistaken felicity, restores him to his previous condition of sorrow and misery. Again a spell is cast over his willing senses, again he beholds, enjoys and riots in the fairy vision and again the mystic tie is dissolved;

"Thus still he dreams, that he shall still succeed,
"And still is disappointed."

Indeed, man is the creature of hope, and every desire of his heart is for happiness; every individual of the human race endeavours to obtain this possession, but each pursues the bent of his own views, with regard to the securing to himself of that which has been termed our "being's end and aim." But where is the successful person? Happiness the more it is pursued, the less it is found. Experience proves this to be the language of truth. Mark the miser! how wretched is he! how is his mind disturbed with care and anxiety. As he views his hoarded treasures, how unsatisfactory is the sight, and how earnestly does he wish for more; though he may have piled heap by the side of heap, he would still desire to increase the store, and every additional heap is an in-

citement to the procuring of another. The cupidity of his avarice can never be satisfied. Nor is this his only curse. Although he thus labours to add to his wealth the fears he entertains, entirely deprive him of pleasure, and embitter every hour of his existence. The apprehension, fearful in its nature and destructive of all his hopes, that some ruthless hand may in a moment deprive him of that which he has been for years hoarding together, or that some prodigal heir may squander with profuseness what he has so assiduously gathered, and so carefully guarded, chases away that happiness which he is using every endeavour in his misguided estimation to obtain. He sits in solitude pondering over his possessions, harassed by dreadful surmises, every sound startling his fearful heart, and these his fears but serving to render him unable to enjoy.

If the miser considers avarice as the means of happiness, the man of ambition pursues the path of fame, firmly convinced in his own mind of its superior efficacy in conferring the object he so eagerly seeks, and the possession of which he so greatly prizes. How mistaken in his views. Success does not always attend the efforts of mortals; short-sighted, the incapacity of our reason foresees not the events, or conscious within ourselves of our own power, we look not to the future, we provide not against its results, and when disappointment necessarily ensues, we attach no blame to ourselves, the true authors of our own calamities, but censure others as agents in rendering us unsuccessful. The lives of those now most celebrated for their ambitious designs fully evince that true happiness is not to be found with those who employ their time in ravaging the country over which they are placed as guardians, in oppressing the ruled, in subjecting them to the caprice of their tyrannical will, in extorting their substance from the industrious and in inventing and putting in practice every method by which they think they can arrive at the summit of their desires. Follow them desirous of extending their conquests, as with their mercenary armies they pursue their guilty path; see villages, once smiling in all the luxuriance of beauty, devastated by the merciless command of unfeeling tyrants; view the labours of the artist destroyed; the toilsome exertions of the husbandmen repaid with the pillage of their fields, waving with the product of laborious cultivation; the heart-stricken who in the fulness of their sorrow were unable to restrain their emotions of honest in-

ignation, at once felled to the earth and their wives and children exposed to the insulting taunts and brutal licentiousness of an unprincipled soldiery. These men but in name, attached to their "liege lords" by their profuse liberality, may all concur in giving their united praise to the valour and generosity of their commanders, and may bestow upon them the titles of great and happy; but if we turn from their exaggerated encomiums, while the lamentations of the widow and the cries of the orphan are sounding in our ears, how differently must we judge. Can they be great and happy who build their power upon the destruction of industry, who rear their throne upon the groans of the dying and the tears of the living? In their own opinion they may seem so; to their eyes their power may appear firm, impervious by any opposing strength, but

"Tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne
"Rise on the necks of half the suff'ring world
"Fear trembles in the cement!"

Happiness dwells not with men of blood, the laurels they may acquire upon the embattled plain, are bedewed with the tears of decrepit age, and helpless infancy; and the execrations of those who had fallen victims to their insatiable desire of fame, rise up and mingle in every pleasure in which they engage. The sceptre may wave in their hands, but it is stained with blood; the crown may be placed upon their heads, but its weight renders it an uneasy burthen; the gem that sparkles there has been dearly purchased by reducing to want and woe an industrious race; and the pearl that once may have shone with peculiar lustre, loses its brightness, because the tear of suffering virtue, and oppressed sincerity, has fallen upon and blotted out its splendour.

The votary of gaming, devotes his hours to the insipid pleasure (if pleasure it can be called) of looking at spots "villainously painted" on the surface of a card, or in adding up the numbers which may result from the throwing of a die, and becomes so fascinated with these employments, as to believe his happiness to consist in them. It is but the frenzied raving of a distempered imagination. If these are any enjoyments, they are more than counterbalanced by the evils which result. View for a moment the countenances of those who are seated around the gaming table. See how eagerly they stake their respective sums, with what anxiety depicted in their features they await the results of their throws; if one should prove fortunate what a change is produced in his looks, if another proves the loser, observe his violent emotions of rage, of hate, and of defiance, or if he be not affected thus, see how despair seizes upon his features, how paleness spreads its livid hue over his countenance, how doubt and suspicion entering his mind, his eyes roll in restless evolutions. These are a few of its evils, but there are greater still, it not only thus excites the strong passions of man's

nature, but when it has gained an ascendancy, contracts his feelings and absorbs the better qualities of his heart.

The devotee of Bacchus to drown his cares, indulges in the intoxicating draughts of the bowl, thinking thence to derive pleasure, but care and pleasure, are both immersed in its deadening contents.

"Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient a devil."

This is the language of Shakespeare, and one of still higher authority viewing the destructive effects of this evil, has exclaimed "Why will men put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains." View him who has become a victim to this degrading practice, this slavish vice, "How changed, how fallen!" The neglect of friends, the disregard of himself, the total insensibility to the feelings of connexions, the stupidity, the churlishness, the obstinacy, the sullenness and the brutality, the want of discretion, the curse of poverty and the bitterness of misery, these are the consequences of intemperance. After maddening the brain by repeated libations, view the votary returning to his home, if perchance he should reach there in safety, and retire to bed, how restless are his slumbers, and when morning bids him arise with what reluctance does he leave his couch; the loss of appetite, the swollen and fiery eye, the unpleasant feelings, the cross and crabbed answers, the unfitness for business, the sleepy, haggard looks too plainly tell the revels of the preceding night. The wife pines in grief at the wretched change; so completely does he become enslaved to the vice that her entreats to reclaim him are unheeded, and she bedews her unhappy her worse than widowed cot with tears. The infant in vain stretches forth its hands to be received into the arms of its parent, there to experience the fond caress of paternal love. Would that such as participate in these vicious practices, might consider *whom* they are affecting. They are bringing wretchedness perhaps poverty, not upon themselves alone, there are others who must share the misery thus ungenerously brought upon them; they are unkindly disregarding, and painfully wounding the fine feelings of those who are emphatically their "souls far better-part," who ever amid the sufferings inflicted upon them, by those once so fondly attached to them, still entertain a sincere regard, cherish a great desire for their happiness and bear them undivided, unimpaired love; who never breathed a wish but for their prosperity, sighed a prayer but for their welfare, uttered a word but for their good. Would that such might pause in their mad career, and remember that the female is "the weaker vessel," that she has entrusted herself, her character and her happiness to them, believing that in them she would meet with a friendly protector, a kindly assistant, and a faithful guardian. Oh man! disappoint

her not, break not the heart that throbs in unison with thine, that beats with rapture at thy success in life, but is pained when it becomes sensible of being neglected. Do ye not when deceived by the treachery of some false friend, immediately become enraged? Are ye not angered towards him who has been the author of that deception? Think then what must be the feelings of *her* who is closer, far closer than a friend; think of her patient forbearance, of her disappointed hopes, of her blighted prospects; think and see how you are "devoting to madness, misery and despair, her whom you have sworn to live for, to cherish and to protect."

Thus we see that they who pursue the above means for rendering them happy, meet with disappointment, and find that their attempts are useless. It may then be inquired, Who is the happy person, is he an inhabitant of earth? To this interrogatory the reply is thus made, There are persons who if not happy, have at least a foretaste of bliss. He whose heart is filled with gratitude for the merciful bounties of providence and who evinces that he is thus grateful, in being the author of benevolent actions to his fellow men, enjoys in no small degree the approbation of a good conscience, and passes through life with a cheerful and peaceful serenity of mind, which can only attend him who is conscious of discharging the duties of humanity which are incumbent upon him. "Be virtuous and you will be happy," is the comprehensive and just remark of the venerable Franklin, and the experience of those who have lived virtuously, has confirmed the assertion, thereby proving it to be consonant with truth. The child on whose features is impressed the glow of health and of beauty, thoughtless of the coming morrow, and enjoying the blessings of to-day with eager delight, is happy, because he is innocent. The mother with her infant reclining in soft and peaceful quietude upon her bosom

"the generous

And sympathetic fount, that at its cry
Sends forth, the liquid living pearl
To cherish its enamell'd veins,"

as she observes the smile disporting over its features, as she contemplates the look, the almost heavenly look of innocence beaming in its face, as she views the unmingled pleasure expressed in its laughing eyes, fondly thinks, nay, firmly believes that her happiness is centred in that of her babe. And who can ever listen to a mother relating the history of our infancy without having emotions excited in our hearts, which cannot be expressed; our silence alone can speak our wonder at her love. When first we essayed to walk, who kindly watched our tottering steps, and gently rewarded our efforts with a kiss? Who took delight in shielding us from danger, and smiled when we first lisped in artless accents the name of "mother?" Whose eyes have always beamed

with tenderness? Who first taught us to breathe the holy prayer? Whose existence appeared to be united with ours? Who endeavoured if possible to exhaust her Love? Who, but the good mother, whose only care was for our comfort, whose every thought was for our happiness. And certainly while engaged in these tender offices of unwearied kindness, her heart must have shared and that, largely, in those gentle emotions, and pleasing sensations arising from the consciousness of having discharged the duties of a virtuous parent.

The children of a pious, faithful and discreet mother, can never forget those "lessons of immortal truth" which they have received from her lips; they remain deeply impressed upon the memory, actuate their possessors in every laudable attempt, influence them in every determination, and gain for them the esteem of the good. This then is Happiness, when parents can see their offspring prospering in life, and revered by those with whom they associate; when as they are declining in years, they see that their children are not unmindful of their wants; but using every endeavour to alleviate their infirmities, to render their decrepitude less painful and aggravating, by ministering to their comforts, by anticipating their every wish and by gratifying their every desire. And when they are about to descend to the grave, "like as a shock of corn cometh in its season," their end is made peaceful not only by the view they have of their childrens' happiness, and of the respect they meet with in society, but also by the strong sense they entertain of their kindness, and by the anticipation of their again meeting in yon heavens of bliss, and there enjoying in full perfection those joys which they here imperfectly knew, and which were but antipasts to the delightful scenes there to be revealed. This essay cannot be better concluded than by the quotation of the following lines, to the truth of which let every heart bear witness.

"This world's not, 'all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know,
There's something *here* of Heaven.
And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit from day to day,
By *virtue's* bright and steady ray,
Hath something *felt* of Heaven.
He that the *Christian* course hath ran,
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span,
In *love* to *God*, and *love* to *man*,
On earth hath tasted heaven."

Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the small pox.—*St. Evermond.*

Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave, and the character they assume.

The Portrait.

(Concluded.)

This reasonable language, which could not be objected to by a person of Celestine's good sense, was rendered still more convincing by a secret liking which she felt for the unknown, and she assured her mother of her obedience.

St. Leon, unconscious that such favourable dispositions were entertained towards him, passed the night in much agitation ; he dreaded lest he should be looked upon as an enemy, the moment it was known who he really was, and this thought filled him with anxiety. Impatient and agitated by fear and hope, he appeared at Madame Dermont's door, and announced himself under the name of St. Clair. He was immediately recognised as the boatman who had attended them to the bath, and now that he was dressed suitably to his birth and fortune, they were delighted with his appearance. After the compliments and ceremonies customary on such occasions, both parties became more at their ease, and the conversation more general. The boatman was questioned, applauded, and blamed in turn.—He excused himself as well as he could, without avowing the motive which actuated him, and begged them to say no more on so trifling a subject.

St. Leon was possessed of wit, understanding and elegant manners, and his looks were so expressive, particularly when directed towards Celestine that she was at no loss to understand his sentiments ; while he, in return, gathered from her eyes that he was not displeasing to her. All parties seemed to understand each other perfectly in the first interview, although not a word was said in explanation.

Madame Dermont requested St. Leon to tell her how their persons had become known to him. He had expected this question, and replied that having seen Celestine's picture at the painter's, and being struck by her great beauty, he had been induced to inquire her name and place of residence, and had afterwards found that she went with her mother and friends to the bathing establishment every evening, whereupon he had fallen on the project which had introduced him to them.

St. Leon, fearing that his own name might change the favorable dispositions which were entertained towards him, claimed, under that of St. Clair, which he had taken and which belonged to one of his most intimate friends, the favor of visiting them sometimes ; this was granted and he retired more in love than ever.

Before giving St. Leon time to declare himself openly, Madame Dermont, who read her daughter's heart, desired her old friend Gerard to make some inquiries respecting St. Clair, without betraying his motives for so doing.—Gerard knew this gentleman by reputation perfectly, and satisfied her at once. He gave such a character of him, that Madame Dermont could no longer hesitate in accepting him as a

son-in-law. What was singular in this adventure—while St. Leon was using every means to make himself so much beloved, that it would be impossible to hate him when his true name should be known, the mother had formed the design of engaging him so strongly, before informing him of their fears with regard to their law-suit that it would be impossible to break with them, if Celestine should lose her fortune.

These different sentiments, having the same end in view, soon placed the parties in a situation to speak more openly. The pretended St. Clair visited them daily, and when he demanded Celestine's hand, Madame Dermont, forgetful of her determination to conceal the quietude which her law suit occasioned her, confided all her secrets to the man whom she considered so worthy of her daughter's hand. "You are rich, St. Clair," said she, "and perhaps expect to find, in this alliance, a fortune proportioned to your own. I cannot allow you to remain in this error : a law-suit on which my daughter's fortune depends"—"Madam," interrupted St. Leon, "I should be unworthy of her and you, and have cause to blush for my love if it was founded in interest. I hope you have a more favorable opinion of me. I adore Celestine, and I am ready to lay my fortune at her feet. I was not ignorant of that which you have just imparted to me, St. Leon himself has, unasked, given me all the details—Celestine herself is the only treasure I wish to possess." Madame Dermont, penetrated with gratitude, pressed his hand tenderly. "Generous St. Clair," said she, "be the husband of my Celestine, and you, my daughter, return his love, and look upon him as the man destined to receive your faith."—St. Leon transported with joy, threw himself at the feet of his beloved, and received from her own lips the assurance of his felicity.

Madame Dermont recalled him to himself by returning to the subject of the law-suit, which was always uppermost in her thoughts. St. Leon became suddenly gloomy and thoughtful. "I cannot comprehend," said he, "how hatred can be carried beyond the tomb ; is it not possible to terminate this unhappy business in a friendly manner ?"—"If his enmity is not greater than ours, we should not be long at variance," said Madame Dermont, "both my daughter and myself have always blamed my husband's resentment. Our interest alone makes us defend ourselves against the son of his enemy ; but the animosity with which this young man prosecutes the suit, proves that his sentiments are far from being as moderate as ours."

"Ah ! what compromise could be expected from a man who is certain of success ? any arrangement would be prejudicial to him" interposed Celestine. "St. Leon is a man of honour," replied the lover, "and has generosity of soul." "I will speak to him in such a manner that he cannot avoid seeing you." The

widow entreated him to see this redoubtable adversary, and he promising to see him the next day, took his leave.

The happy youth enjoyed the prospect of realising all his wishes, for some days, without saying any more of St. Leon, who, he pretended, was in attendance upon the king, and that he waited his return, in order to commence the negotiation.

He now pressed Madame Dermont to delay his happiness no longer; but that lady was desirous he should await St. Leon's answer, as it would be gratifying to her, she observed, to be enabled to portion her daughter handsomely. The impassioned young man, combatted these objections in vain; the mother seemed to be determined to vie, with him in generosity, and as the person they wished him to see would return the next day, they conjured him to lose no time in seeing him, promising, let the event be what it would, to have the marriage contract drawn up immediately.

St. Leon, in pursuance of his plan, was absent two days, which gave much uneasiness to Madame Dermont and her daughter—on the third day he returned: but his appearance alarmed them quite as much as his absence had done—his countenance evinced the deepest distress of mind. Celestine, with tears in her eyes, entreated him to relieve her from the cruel anxiety she suffered, by telling her the cause of his unhappiness; while Madame Dermont asked earnestly what misfortune had happened to him—had he found St. Leon inexorable and quarrelled with him in consequence? No madam, sighed he, I have succeeded but too well, and am the most unfortunate of men. Celestine and her mother, unable to comprehend his meaning, supplicated him to explain himself which he did thus—I have seen St. Leon and he agrees to an accommodation—but on terms so cruel to me, that I am undone if you accede to them.

“Let us remain in ignorance, then,” said Celestine quickly, “for it can be of no advantage to us at such a price.—Madame Dermont, however, more curious than her daughter, desired at least to know what they were. “Your adversary, madam, gives up all pretensions to your property, and promises never more to dispute it with you, if you will give him Celestine's hand. You may easily conceive how this affects me, and it is so advantageous to her, that I cannot dissuade you from it.—Not only is St. Leon richer than St. Clair—but it will, besides, terminate an affair that might otherwise ruin you, and enable you to establish her, whom I once hoped to call mine, in a suitable manner.” “Cease cruel,” exclaimed Celestine, weeping “cease to exhibit to us advantages of such an alliance, happen what will, I will never wed any but St. Clair.” With what delight did St. Leon hear these words! he could scarcely conceal his feelings. Madame Dermont, in the mean time, had remained silent. Struck with such a proposition from the man

whom she had believed her enemy, and dazzled by the brilliant fortune that awaited her daughter's acceptance she knew not what to resolve—she was averse to the idea of breaking with St. Clair—but then St. Leon was an offer not to be despised. “This is a serious affair,” at length said she, “and requires much reflection—I think if the generous St. Clair could conquer himself, my daughter would do well to imitate him.”

What madam cried Celestine, “do you prescribe to me to marry St. Leon after having commanded me to love St. Clair?” This rival of himself then threw himself at the widow's feet, and implored her not to reduce him to the lowest depth of despair. He was still in this attitude, when Mr. Gerard entered the room. “What do I see, this is charming! in truth I am delighted,” said the old man, laughing, “to find the enemies together. Courage, noble St. Leon! if they do not pardon you I will go over to your side.” These words, spoken by Gerard in the persuasion that St. Leon had come for the purpose of terminating the law-suit amicably, surprised mother and daughter so much that they were incapable of speech; while St. Leon who had risen at the sound of his voice, being well acquainted with him, ran to embrace him, saying, “I should not doubt of victory on any other occasion, having you for my advocate; but dear sir I have dangerous enemies to contend with.”

Celestine and her mother having in some measure, recovered themselves, exclaimed, both at once, “what! can you be St. Leon himself?” “How!” interposed the astonished Gerard, “St. Leon here, at your feet and unknown to you!” “can you pardon me madam,” said the lover, “for presenting myself to you under the name of one of my best friends. I feared to announce my own until assured that St. Leon would not be less fortunate than St. Clair. Gerard has betrayed my secret; but thanks to my stratagem, I am well assured of the tenderness of my Celestine, and that St. Leon is no longer the object of an unjust resentment. You have gained your cause, will love lose his?” “No truly,” answered Madame Dermont, throwing herself upon his neck; “the happiness of calling you my son-in-law is too grateful to my heart to permit a doubt.” Then taking her daughter's hand, whose eyes were lighted up with joy and love, she placed it in that of her lover, and the following day they renewed, at the altar their vows of eternal love, which they kept as well as other married folks do.

Wit must grow like fingers; if it be taken from others, 'tis like plumbs stuck upon black thorns; they live for a while, but come to nothing.—*Selden.*

Paradise was lost to Adam, the world to Anthony, happiness to women, and honor to men by trifling.

BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

Eminent Men.

[We extract the following sketches of British characters, from the National Banner, a weekly paper recently established in Nashville, Tennessee, and conducted with considerable ability by John S. Simpson:]

Sir Walter Scott in appearance is a large, grey headed old man, with a blind eye, a lame leg, and an unmeaning physiognomy. He is almost adored in the circle of his acquaintance, and lauded by every tongue for social and shining virtues. Had his person been gifted by nature with a full complement of requisites for a laborious life, the world might never have gained the treasures of his imagination, and his life had been spent in the paternal occupation of a husbandman. He was once a clerk in the law courts of Edinburg, but the uncommon success, and large profits of his works have raised him a handsome independence. He miscalculated his talents very much in preferring poetry in his early productions, and he gained a good round age before he discovered his error. Receiving him as the author of the Waverly novels, by which his name will descend to future times, he was at least 55 before he began them, but he has endeavored to repay his lost time, indeed, with unexampled dispatch. His poems are hardly noticed, and his dramatic attempts were unsuccessful. I presume the British world are expecting his Life of Napoleon, with the curiosity to discover whether the sketches of real life, by his pen, will equal those which he has drawn from the inexhaustible resources of his invention. Lord Byron has prophesied that he could open to himself a new department of literature, whenever his novels began to tire. A student of Trinity College, Dublin, once sent him some poems, requesting his opinion. Sir Walter Scott returned a very polite answer. Among other advices, he recommended him to publish nothing before he had at least reached the 40th year of his life.

The Duke of Wellington is a tall, warworn looking man, with a sunburnt complexion, and a large Roman nose. His name creates no more sensation in London, than if he had gained his rank by any of the common place step stones of wealth or influential connexions. He has so far lost his principle and shame, as to forsake his wife, to associate with an opera dancer.—All the spoils of a continental campaign have been lost at the gaming table, and he has sunk the hero in the abject character of a prisoner and sycophant at court. His compeer in arms, the Marquis of Anglesey, who lost a leg at Waterloo, is a most interesting personage. His handsome face, and commanding figure, all seamed and gashed by the casualties of war, present to the observer, a living representative of Plutarch's heroes.

Thomas Moore, the poet, is a squat, funny looking, short-sighted, monkey-faced little man. He lives entirely on the bounty of the Marquis of Lansdown—for all the products of his works have formed a minimum to his extravagance. He once enjoyed a considerable share of the favor of the king, when prince of Wales, and lost it by too much important familiarity. His fame was very soon at his summit, and is now rather on the decline—a fate that clings to both Rogers and Campbell.

William Roscoe, is a most respectable character. A poet, orator, historian and botanist—in the two latter departments he has eclipsed every contemporary. He was once a merchant of large business in Liverpool, afterwards a member of parliament for that town, and since an inhabitant of the king's bench prison for many a day—He is a tall, thin, old man, a good deal stooped in the shoulders. The mercantile world showed how much they estimated literature, by selling, or allowing to be sold, his botanical garden and library. He now resides with Mr. Coke of Norfolk, who deserves respect for patronizing a man, that future times will read with Hume, Robertson and Gibbon.

Miss Edgeworth is a most ugly little woman whose squeaking voice is the annoyance of every company which she honors with her presence.

Lady Morgan was the daughter of a performer, and wife to an old accoucher in Dublin, knighted by one of the Irish lord lieutenants, in a drunken frolick. She never receives any particular attention at home, and Phillips, far exceeds the estimation of his talents in Britain, in having his works handed about, even through the wilds of America.

Edward Irving, the celebrated Caledonian preacher, whose orations have received such extensive attention, is very tall, squints excessively, wears his hair and beard long, affects a singularity in all his actions, and speaks a broad Scotch dialect.

Mr Brougham is thin and dark complexioned. He has a scrofulous affection in his face, and his features are disturbed incessantly by a paralytic motion. He goes thro' the city very meanly dressed, and generally walks as fast as if for a wager.

The late Lord Castlereagh was as fine a looking man as any in Europe. His person was tall and well shaped, and he had a very handsome and expressive countenance. Lord Erskine was very thin and tall—a good deal of Scotch outline in his physiognomy. Grattan was small, and awkwardly made, but his address was very prepossessing. Curran was short and fat, with a large share of grimace in his actions. Pitt, Fox, and Grattan, lie beside each other in Westminster Abbey, without an inscription to mark the spot except the initial letters of their names alone, in the most rude manner, yet Lord Castlereagh is denied

this, and I believe the majority of the nation think he would grace a highway grave, better than the one he occupies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

A true Story.—The following has been communicated to us as a "fact matter."

In a neighboring country, a widower who had acted the part of a brute and a tyrant to his wife went shortly after the demise of his spouse to pay his respects to a buxom widow, who like the suitor had not the best reputation for suavity of manner and meekness of temper. The following dialogue ensued :

He—Well madam, I am come to *see you*.

Her—Well you may just clear out again, for I'll have nothing to do with you. You needn't think to get *me*. You abused and whipt your first wife—and I know what kind of a fellow you are.

He—Yes I did, and if I had you, I'd make you *toe the trig*—I'd give you a d—d good threshing every time you deserved it.

Strange as it may appear, they were united in the blissful hands of matrimony in three days afterwards!

"Was ever woman in this humour wo'd?

"Was ever woman in this humour won?"

Ohio Press.

A little man asking, how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with but indifferent husbands, after many fine offers? was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden.—A young friend of hers, during a walk, requested her to go into a delightful canebrake, and there get him the handsomest reed; she must get it in once going through, without turning. She went and coming out, brought him quite a mean reed—When he asked her if that was the handsomest she saw? "Oh no," replied she, "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on in hopes of a much better one, until I had gotten nearly through and then I was obliged to select the best that was left."

Sheridan and Lord Thurlow—Sheridan was dining with the black-browed chancellor, when he produced some admirable Constantia, which had been sent him from Cape Good Hope. The wine tickled the palate of Sheridan, who saw the bottle emptied with uncommon regret, and set his wits to work to get another.

The old chancellor was not so easily to be induced to produce his curious Cape in such profusion, and foiled all Sheridan's attempts to get another glass. Sheridan being piqued, and seeing the inutility of prosecuting the immutable pillar of the law, turned to a gentleman sitting farther down, and said, "Sir, pass me up that decanter, for I must return to Ma deira, since I cannot double the Cape."

Anecdote.—Some months ago the Rev. James Armstrong preached at Harmony near the Wabash. When a Doctor of that place, a professed Deist or Infidel called on his associates, to accompany him, while he "attacked the methodist" as he said. At first he asked Mr. Armstrong "if he followed preaching to save souls" he answered in the affirmative. He then asked Armstrong "if he ever saw a soul." "No" "if he ever heard a soul;" "No" "if he ever tasted a soul;" "No," "if he ever smelt a soul;" "No," "if he ever felt a soul;" "Yes, thank God," said Armstrong. "Well" said the Dr. "there are four of the five senses against one to evidence that there is no soul." Mr. Armstrong then asked the gentleman "if he was a doctor of medicine" and he was also answered in the affirmative. He then asked the Doctor "if he ever saw a pain;" "No," "if he ever heard a pain;" "No," "if he ever tasted a pain;" "No," "if he ever smelt a pain;" "No," "if he ever felt a pain;" "Yes." Mr. Armstrong then said "there are also four senses against one to evidence that there is no pain, and yet sir you know there is pain and I know there is a soul;" the Doctor appeared confounded and walked off.

A Colonel of a regiment of cavalry, was lately complaining, that from the ignorance and inattention of his officers, he was obliged to do all the duty of the regiment. "I am (said he) my own Captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet,"—"And my own trumpeter, I presume," said a lady present.

Vigee, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at her mouth, she was twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and put her lips in the most extreme constriction.—Do not trouble yourself so much madam, exclaimed the painter, for if you choose, I will draw you without any mouth at all.

SUMMARY.

Dugald Stewart is said to have in press at Edinburgh the third Volume of his elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

Raw Silk.—A store is about to be opened in Philadelphia, where, for the encouragement of the raising of silk worms, *raw silk* and *cooons* will be purchased and promptly paid for.—*Colvin's Mess.*

MARRIED,

On Monday the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter of Claverack, Mr. Robert Martin to Miss Maria Doan both of this city.

DIED,

In Litchfield on the 29th ult. Mr. Ebenezer Bolles, aged 62 a useful citizen, and a valuable member of the church of Christ.

At New-York, very suddenly on the 6th inst. the Hon. W. P. Van Ness, Judge of the District Court of the United States for this district, in the 49th year of his age.

On the same day at Austerlitz, in the vicinity of Hudson, in the state of New-York, Thomas S. Browne, Lieut. in the United States navy.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
SPRING.

Again, in gentle warmth, the sun's impartial beams
Expels the frost—unbinds the fettered streams;
Gives life to herbage; and the pleasant flower
Bursts into life and smiles away its hour;
The cheerful bird salutes each dawning day,
Extends his wings and skips from spray to spray,
Soars thro' the air, the clear expanse of blue,
Then drops his plumes and sips the morning dew;
The fragrant blossoms deck the verdant trees,
And yield their freshness to each passing breeze;
The cultured fields unfold the waving grain,
Whilst sportive young are dancing o'er the plain;
And the swift ball the raptured blow receives
Bounds in the air—or revels with the leaves.
Peace giving spring's sweet morning of the year
To lightsome hearts, to youth and beauty dear—
Of dawning life the symbol bright and fair—
The dream of Childhood new, without a care:
I strike the harp sweet morn of thee to sing—
Dawn of our hopes soft pleasure giving Spring;
Whose gentle rains enliven the health,
And promise plenty—stores of Ceres' wealth.

The Warrior fettered with his load of arms,
Can find in battle but unenvied charms;
For Glory's wreath bears but a gaudy name—
The Court of Death is too the Court of Fame!
Ambition sweeps the warrior's heart away,
And Peace disdains within his breast to stay;
The Merchant spreads his sails upon the sea,
His richly freighted barques are fair and free—
His aim is wealth.—The tempest and the wave
To all his hopes may prove a sudden grave;
The waving clouds that sweep along the sky,
Are viewed with terror by his anxious eye,
He sleeps uneasy for his troubled brain
Still paints afresh the terrors of the main.
But, gentle Spring, thy rural grove and grot
Gives merry faces to the humble cot—
And all the proud and vain may wish to be—
Content and Happy—I have found in thee.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

She knelt beside me—and my eye once glanc'd
Upon her form. 'Twas but a glance—but ne'er
From my remembrance will it pass away.
Her arms were folded on her breast—her head
Bow'd down most meekly, as became the place;
And her dark eye-brow, and still darker hair,
Shaded a countenance wherein was less
Of beauty than expression; it was pale
As is the lily in the Spring; it bore
Some touches on the frame and minds disease,
Some marks of hidden wo: Her half closed eye,
Was bent to earth, and shaded by a lash,
Sliken and shining as the raven's wing,
Her lip was motionless, and it seem'd
As though her supplication sped at word
Forth from her pious bosom to her God.
There was a wither'd flow'ret on her breast,
Perchance an emblem of the hopes which there
Had blossom'd and there faded.

I have viewed
Woman in many a scene—I have beheld
Her gay and glorious in the festive hall,

Eager of conquest—and I too have mark'd
The winning languish and seductive smile
Both dear and dangerous to the youthful heart,
And I have stray'd with beauty by my side,
Through the still glades at evening's passing hour
By the pale radiance of the moon, whose beams
Have silver'd o'er her smiles; and she hath look'd
As she had thrown her soul into her eyes;
Nay, I have view'd her at the fever'd bed
Of sickness, pillow the pale cheek, and bathe
The fainting brow, where like a form of light
She whisper'd peace where else there had been none;
But never by the side of woman yet
Such thrillings and unearthly feelings stole
On my o'ercharged heart, as when I saw
That pious maid communing with her God.

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A Brush.

PUZZLE II.—The Vowels.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Though mean and humble is my birth,
I sit enthron'd on high,—
My footsteps far above the earth,
My canopy the sky;
O'er labouring subjects thus in state
I bear despotic sway,
Yet on them condescend to wait,
At break and close of day.

II.

First, I may be your servant's name;
Then your desire I may proclaim;
And when in coffin you are laid,
May speak your wishes when you're dead.

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